

# LIME ROCK GAZETTE.

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## THE MUSE.

"Soft—as the melody of youthful days,  
That steals the trembling tear of speechless praise;  
Sweet—as his native song to exile's ear,  
Shall sound each tone—"

## A RHYMINE LEAF.

Then asketh thy Fate? No astrologer I,  
To read what thy fate has writ in the sky—  
Yet thy fortune, sweet Ella, I know I can trace  
While the lore of the heavens I read in thy face.  
"Bright—bright as the splendor of tropical  
skies,  
Or the soul that beams out from those love-lighting  
eyes,  
Will sparkle the stream of thy life's happy  
hours,  
Like a brook which flows through one long summer  
of flowers."

This, I know,  
But still there's something darkly hid,  
At times beneath that pensive lid,  
That says it will not be so;  
Yet lovely girl, do not reverse,  
As truth, these idle boodings here.  
"Rashly, rashly, wilt thou give  
Thy young heart away?  
Sadly, sadly, wilt thou live,  
Watching wild hopes to bloom,  
That never will,  
Disbelieving half thy cruel doom,  
Still, oh still,  
Thou wilt love as woman loves,  
Fondly and true,  
Blindly as woman trusts,  
With trust true too,  
Thou wilt be loved as men love  
Lightly alone—  
The joys be shared by others,  
Thy griefs be all thine own."

## BENEDICTE DAUGHTER.

The lady Abbess was gone to her rest,  
And the nuns in their cells were sleeping;  
Save one, who sat up so still a rest,  
Was over the battlements peeping;  
And under the convent wall she sped,  
A boat on the dawning water;  
And in a youth, who truly cried,  
"Come down, Benedicte Daughter."

She threw him one end of a silken thread,  
And she kept fast hold of the other.  
"Be silent! be silent!" she trembling said,  
"Or you'll wake our lady mother!"  
She drew up a ladder of ropes, and soon  
The youth in his stout arms caught her;  
"Away!" he cried, "by the light of the moon  
Away! Benedicte Daughter!"

The lady abbess awoke, and she heard  
A noise at the midnight hour;  
She counted her beads, and missing a bead,  
She sought it in hall and tower;  
The ladder she spied and down it she hied,  
But she tumbled into the water!  
The boat sailed off, and the lovers cried,  
"Farewell! Benedicte Daughter!"

## A DOMESTIC TALE.

"Relays of joy  
To drag the sufferer forth the tedious length  
Of a long summer's day."

## TOO HANDSOME.

### A True Tale.

It is quite possible for a man, or a woman  
either, to be too handsome. Nevertheless, it  
is an observation which few make, and few  
ever still confess to be true. Therefore, we in-  
tend to enter the list in behalf of ugliness,  
and it is our intention to illuminate it by a  
tale—an "over true tale," as the ancients would  
write.

Philip Heathcote lived in a country town  
where he was the beau "par excellence"—the  
Adonis, Apollo, Narcissus, of almost every  
young lady, from fifteen to fifty; and to tell  
the truth, Philip was indeed very handsome.

He was, besides, one of those fortunate per-  
sons who seem born with talents for every  
thing. His conversation was winning; he was  
a man of infinite humor; and possessed that  
ever welcome quality of making the dull-  
est party merry when he entered it. Then  
he was the best dancer, the best flute-player,  
for miles round; wrote poetry, composed  
songs, drew likenesses—in short William was  
a pattern of perfection. His praises rang the  
country round; none were insensible to it,  
save one, the very last he would have wished  
to be so—a young girl, named Margaret Lester.

With that peculiar contradiction which charac-  
terizes love, young Heathcote's heart was  
given to one entirely the opposite of himself.  
Quiet, unassuming, not beautiful, only inter-  
esting, with no accomplishments save a sweet  
voice, which could warble forever, Margaret  
Lester had yet stolen away all the love which  
the showy, fascinating, dashing Philip could  
bestow; and, wonderful to tell, she was quite  
insensible of her prize. She was not in love  
with any one else; that was certain, and that  
the sweet, gentle Margaret was heartless—oh!  
that was quite impossible, too; but yet she did  
outcare for Philip in the least. She never  
asked for his poetry; seldom sang with him;  
was perfectly happy to waltz with any one  
else; would quietly, and without changing  
color, acknowledge his personal and mental  
qualities, and praise him with the greatest  
unconsciousness. So, for months and months, these  
two moved through the circles of country  
gaiety; meeting constantly, and furnishing for  
some time a grand subject for speculation.—  
In worldly matters, both were equal—neither  
very rich nor poor—well matched, as the gas-  
troph said; but it was useless, and Philip at  
last, mortified with the calm indifference  
which his homage won from the gentle girl,  
ceased all outward show of it, paid attention  
equally to every new and pretty face, and  
seemed determined to dazzle and charm, with-  
out ever really loving or being loved. Marg-  
aret was apparently unmoved by her lover's  
dereliction, as by his previous adoration.—  
Her real thoughts on the subject were only ex-  
pressed to her mother, who naturally wished  
to see her only child settled.

Why could you not like Philip Heathcote—

asked Mrs. Lester. "You know, love, he has  
good prospects; every one admires him; he  
is very handsome, and is the life of all soci-  
ety wherever he goes."

"That is the very reason he did not please  
me, dear ma," answered Margaret. "I should  
not wish my husband to be so fascinating; I  
want more than mere outside qualities, and I  
should be inclined to distrust a man who was  
so very brilliant; he would never do for home.  
Don't you remember Beatrice, in 'Much Ado  
about Nothing?' when Don Pedro asks if she  
will have him for her husband, 'No,' she says—  
'I should want another week's days; your  
grace is too costly for every-day wear.' And,  
continued Miss Lester, laughing cheerfully,  
'I think it is more than enough with myself  
and young Heathcote—he is, in truth, too hand-  
some for me!'"

Perhaps Margaret's feeling was natural.—  
Every true-hearted woman likes to feel proud  
of her lover, or rather to have one that she  
can rightly and justly feel proud of; there is  
no sensation more delicious or more unselfish  
than this. But we doubt very much if a wo-  
man, sincere, simple-hearted and good, as we  
wish to paint our Margaret, would feel love  
for a Philip Heathcote, the idol of a ball-room  
the admirer and admired of all the vain and  
frivolous. That Philip had deeper qualities  
than these yet unknown; such was his ap-  
parent character, and Margaret was right when  
she said that he was too handsome and too fas-  
cinating for her.

Mrs. Lester and her daughter sat one morn-  
ing at their work, when there was announced  
that bore of bores, a morning visitor; and one  
not particularly welcome at any time—the  
news-retailer of the place, a sort of feminine  
Paul Pry. Country society, alas! has not  
the blessing of city visiting—no dropping the  
acquaintance of the human lunatic. There  
was a suspicious twinkling in Mrs. Doolidge's  
little black eyes, which showed she was  
brimming over with news; and out the infor-  
mation came, at the earliest opportunity.

"Have you heard of the fire?"  
"What fire?" asked the ever sympathizing  
Mrs. Lester.

"What! not about the fire at Farmer West-  
ern's, and young Mr. Heathcote, and his ac-  
cident?" cried the delighted gossip, glancing  
meaningly at Miss Lester.

"I am sorry for it," said Margaret, quietly.  
"What has happened to him?"

"I thought you must have known: but no,  
I forgot. Well, he is not quite killed, almost—"

Both the ladies started, and to their in-  
quiries, Mrs. Doolidge answered with a long  
story, the substance of which—separating  
truth from fiction—we will tell in our own  
words: Philip, coming home from a country  
ball, had seen that most fearful of all sights—  
especially in a lonely country place—a house  
on fire. He spurred his horse to the spot, and  
reached it with assistance; but to late. The  
house was wrapped in flames, and the farm-  
er's aged mother was still within. No one  
thought of saving her. Heathcote, with a  
sudden and generous impulse, rushed into the  
burning mass, and they never thought to see  
him return, until he staggered forward, with  
his burden in his arms, and fell insensible on  
the ground. When he returned to conscious-  
ness, he was found to be fearfully burnt, and  
one foot entirely crushed by a fallen beam.—  
The young, gay, handsome Philip, who had  
danced so merrily a few hours before, and  
charmed all, as was his wont, was taken home  
by the gray morning twilight, disfigured for  
life.

Margaret Lester's kind heart overflowed  
with unmingled pity at hearing this melancholy  
story of her former lover. And then his hero-  
ic and generous deed! She could not have  
believed him capable of such. Her tender  
conscience smote her for having misjudged  
him, and many slight instances of his feeling  
rose to her mind, which showed he must  
have had a higher and better character beneath  
the one in which he publicly appeared.—  
There is nothing so sweet or so all-extending  
as the compassion of the gentle-hearted wo-  
man, though exercised towards a rejected; or  
even a faithless lover.

Many months did Philip lay on his lonely  
and desolate sick-bed, for he had no mother  
or sister to watch over him. Some few among  
those who had been charmed with him, sent  
to inquire after the poor young man for a lit-  
tle time. But the interest and excitement of  
the event soon died away, and long before  
the invalid was able to crawl to the closed-up  
garden of the manor house where he lived;  
all had forsaken him, except one or two kind  
souls, who sent him a look now and then, out  
of charity. Among these was Mrs. Lester;  
and when, at last the young man recovered,  
gratitude—or something else, warmer still—  
led him thither the first day he left his home.

No one had seen him since his accident, ex-  
cepting his medical attendant. Philip could  
not bear that his former friends should see  
how fearfully changed he was. His beau-  
tiful and classic features were scarcely recog-  
nizable, for the deep scars left in his face, and  
his finely mouldered figure and elastic gait  
were changed into an incurable lameness; it  
was a fearful look—such as none but a strong  
mind could bear. But Philip, through his  
long and solitary illness, had thought much  
and deeply and his external appearance was  
hardly more changed than his mind. Never-  
theless with all this courage, he could not re-  
press any a bitter pang, as he waited alone  
in Mrs. Lester's drawing-room, and caught a  
glance of himself in the mirror, which so  
often he bethought reflected the graceful figure

of the handsome Philip Heathcote. When  
the door opened, and Margaret entered, he  
could have shrunk anywhere from her view.

A hue, very slight, was in Margaret's usu-  
ally colorless cheek; she looked once at the  
young man, and then, advancing, took his  
hand in both hers, and said in a frank, earnest  
friendly tone, that went to Philip's heart. "I  
am very glad indeed, to see you here again,  
Mr. Heathcote."

"There was no condolence, no allusion to  
his illness; she did avoid looking at him, but  
spoke and smiled with true and kindly tact,  
as if nothing had happened; so that Philip's  
dread and embarrassment were off impercepti-  
bly. Once only, when he was deeply engaged  
talking to Mrs. Lester he caught Margaret's  
eyes fixed upon his face with deep ex-  
pression. He thought, though he was not  
sure, that those sweet blue orbs were moist  
with tears; and the young man would have  
parted almost with life itself for one tear of  
affectionate pity from Margaret Lester.

He stayed a long time, and then went home  
—certainly happier than he had often been in  
the days of his bloom and gaiety. What  
Margaret thought of her old lover could not  
be known: she said very little, but that night  
she heard the old church clock strike one,  
before her eyes fairly closed in slumber.

Philip Heathcote's re-appearance in soci-  
ety caused the usual nine days' wonder  
and excitement, and then all subsided. He was an  
altered man; his abundant flow of spirits was  
no more; he could no longer join the dance,  
in which he had shone so brilliantly afore-  
time; he was oftentimes silent in company,  
and the belles who had so often gazed delig-  
tantly on his handsome face, now passed him  
by with a slight recognition, or an audible  
"Poor fellow how handsome he was once!"  
Philip had grown wiser through suffering;  
but still no one is quite insensible to the loss  
of personal attractions; and the "has been"  
grated harshly on young Heathcote's feelings  
for a long time. He gradually withdrew  
from society, in a great measure, pleading, as  
his reason, the ill-health which he really did  
still labor under; and at last his visits were  
almost entirely confined to Mrs. Lester's,  
where he met no altered looks or obtrusive  
condolence.

And now we turn to Margaret. She, too,  
was changed; not outwardly, but in her own  
heart. Love, under the guise of pity, had  
stolen in their unawares. She had been per-  
fectly indifferent to Philip, in the days of his  
triumph; but when she saw him pale, feeble,  
thoughtful, without a single gay jest or sport-  
ive compliment to scatter round—treated  
with neglect, or else wounded by rude pity,  
Margaret's woman's heart gave way. She  
first felt sympathy, then interest, and so went  
through the regular gradations, until she loved  
Philip Heathcote with all her whole soul.  
He, foolish man, humble and self-distrusting  
as he was, never saw this; yet he nourished  
his affection for Margaret in his heart's core,  
never dreaming that it could ever be returned.

"If she did not care for me in the old days,"  
he often thought, "surely it is hopeless to  
imagine she could love me now—a poor, sick,  
lame, ugly fellow like me!" And he would  
look at himself with disgust, and turn away  
from the mirror with a bitter sigh. Ah! Philip  
Heathcote, with all his talent and brillian-  
cy, still knew little of the depths of a woman's  
heart! We have heard of a man who broke  
the truth of years, because a heavy affliction  
—it was deprivation of hearing—fell upon  
the lovely girl he was to have married, and we  
have also heard others of his sex justify him  
in so doing. Such is not like woman's love; she  
would only have clung the closer to her be-  
loved in his affliction.

Philip, in spite of his conviction of the en-  
tire hopelessness of winning Margaret's heart  
still continued to hover about her unceasing-  
ly. He saw there was at least no other  
lover in the way, and that was some comfort.  
It was months before his eyes were opened to  
his error, how that clearness of vision was ef-  
fected his story says not. Very few lovers  
can tell the precise moment when the blessed  
truth rushed upon their hearts, flooding them  
with delicious joy. To what hope, to what a  
new and blissful existence, did Philip awake  
when he knew that Margaret loved him! He  
counted all he had lost as nothing in compar-  
ison to the prize which his sufferings had won  
for him. Much he wondered at the change, not  
knowing that it was due to his altered charac-  
ter; for men look at the outward form, while  
woman judge of the heart. But wonder and  
doubt were absorbed in intense happiness;  
for Margaret, the timid retiring, and loving  
Margaret, was all his own.

Once more the town's talk was of Philip  
Heathcote and Margaret Lester. They were  
seen walking together one had met them in  
the fields; another coming home from church;  
Mr. Heathcote was daily at the house; surely  
they must be engaged!—and this once the  
gossips were right—they were, indeed, affian-  
ced lovers, and in due time the old village  
church beheld them made husband and wife.

A few years passed, and the old manorhouse  
rang with childish voices through all its de-  
corate nooks; and Margaret and her husband  
might be seen oftentimes slowly pacing the  
dark alleys of the garden with a merry troop  
around them. Hand in hand, Philip and  
Margaret were gliding down life's river, not  
fearing the coming of middle age, when each  
year brought new happiness. Had they al-  
gether forgotten the days of their youth?—  
Not quite; for once they sat watching the sports

of their eldest son, Margaret said, with a moth-  
er's pride and fondness—

"Is not our boy handsome, Philip?"—he will  
grow up almost as handsome as—"  
"As his father once used to be," interrupted  
Mr. Heathcote, with a smile not quite devoid  
of bitterness. He was still not perfect—the  
vain man!

Margaret arose, clasped her arms round her  
husband's neck, and kissing his white fore-  
head looked into his beautiful eyes with in-  
tense and wife-like affection.

"You are always handsome to me, my own  
Philip—there is no one like you; and if I was  
foolish once—"

"When you said I was too handsome?" cried  
the happy husband.

"There, do not remember those days. I did  
not love you then."

"And now you do, my sweet Margaret, my  
dear wife," said Philip Heathcote. "And so I  
do not care in the least for being as ugly as  
an old satyr, since Margaret Lester can  
never again say that I am a great deal to hand-  
some for her."

## MATERNAL LOVE.

There is a heart that changes not.  
That we may all say claim:  
Though fortune smiles not on our lot,  
It ever remains the same.

It is a mother's heart that thrills  
With sympathy unknown;  
She shares in all the joys and ills  
Of those she calls her own.

There's music in a mother's voice  
When for her child she prays:  
Ah! who can hold the fervor tell  
That burns in all she says.

And, Mother, now far, far away,  
Thy love is still with me,  
While o'er me memory holds her sway  
I'll ever think of thee.

## The Strategem.

"I really don't know which I love best,"  
said Jane Manvers to her friend Marian  
Westall, as she returned from a splendid party,  
where she was the "admiral of all admir-  
ers." "Win. Stanton or Frederic English.—  
Out of a host of admirers that my fortune,  
now that I am an heiress, has brought to my  
foot, I have selected them. They are neither  
rich, both are filled with sentiments of honor  
as far as expression and conduct go. Both  
love me. Neither have expressed it in strong  
terms, but either only wait for the necessary  
encouragement, I am sure, to pop the question.  
To either my fortune would be an advantage.  
They may—it is an ungenerous thought but I  
cannot help entertaining it—love my fortune,  
and not me. Marian, I have strong thoughts  
of putting their love to the test."

"How can you do it?"

"I have thought of a way. You may re-  
member that I had a cousin who was sup-  
posed to be lost at sea, and the property which  
has made a poor, unnoticed girl so much courted,  
was to be his if he were living."

"Yes, but you have had full and positive  
proof of his decease."

"I know it, but the world does not, nor can  
my two lovers be acquainted with the fact. I  
therefore propose to state in the papers that  
my cousin is not dead, as was supposed; to  
give up for a time my splendid establishment,  
and retire into comparative poverty. It is  
said that kings and heiresses rarely hear the  
truth from the flatterers by whom they are  
surrounded. This will at least test my friends.  
What think you of my plan?"

"Excellent, try it by all means."

The idea was acted upon, and it was en-  
cious to see how Jane's admirers dropped off.  
Her two lovers waited upon her at first in her  
retirement, and Jane was more puzzled than  
ever to know how to choose. Frederic Eng-  
lish's visits in a short time became more like  
an angel's—than a few and far between—  
while William Stanton's were constant.

Upon one of them he said, "My dear Miss  
Manvers, I have known you long. In the  
days of your prosperity, surrounded as you  
were by many lovers who were affluent, I did  
not dare disclose to you a passion which has  
grown and strengthened with my acquaintance.  
Now you are poor like myself, the difference  
that had heretofore sealed my lips from dis-  
volving my heart's passion, is removed. I am  
not affluent; but I can support you with res-  
pectability at least, and if you accept for your  
husband one who loves you devotedly, I do  
not think you will ever regret the hour that  
unites you mine. At least I will try never to  
give you a cause."

"I believe you, dear William," said Jane,  
"and if you will accept a beggar, for I am  
little better—"

"Say not so, dearest; I cannot listen to such  
words, even from your lips."

"Your fortunes will not suffer by the union."

"That they never can. When shall our  
marriage take place?"

"Next week, if you will."

"At your lodgings here?"

"No, at the house of a friend. Call for  
me, and we will proceed together there."

At the day appointed, William was in readi-  
ness, accompanied by Frederic English.—  
They were both surprised at the negligence  
of Jane's attire, and thought it some what  
of character with her circumstances, but how  
much more surprised were they when step-  
ping into a carriage with Jane and Eliza they  
were driven to Jane's former residence, and  
found her still the mistress and heiress; and  
learned the plot by which she had tested her  
lovers.

"You can't do that again," said the pug to  
the boy that cut off his tail.

## RANDOM READINGS.

"—Lively and gossiping,  
Stored with the joys of the tattling world,  
And with a spice of truth, too."

## THE SKY LEAPERS.

### A Thrilling Tale of Norway.

Even of the interest felt in beholding a  
chain of lofty mountains, arises from the feel-  
ing that on land such as these the foot of the  
invader has seldom long tarried. So often,  
from the pass of Thermopylae to the heights  
of Mugarlen, have the brave proved their  
own hills to be impregnable, that no tale of  
overwhelming numbers will counteract the  
feeling that a mountain land so won has been  
betrayed by the cowardice of the inhabitants.  
Of this cowardice, history unfortunately gives  
us some proofs. But these few instances of  
weakness and treachery only serve to give the  
force of strong contrast to the bright examples  
of higher and nobler spirits. These reflections  
apply more especially to Norway, the tradi-  
tion which often rouses the warm Norse blood,  
when told by some of the older peasants to  
the listeners round a cottage hearth on a long  
winter's evening.

In 1612, there was a war between Norway  
and Sweden, distinguished from the mass of  
the forgotten conflicts, at one time so frequent  
between these rival and neighboring countries,  
by the tragic fate of Sinclair's body of Scot-  
tish allies, the remembrance of which is cele-  
brated in many a Norwegian ballad. It is a  
matter of history, that the Scots landed on the  
west coast of Norway, to join their allies, the  
Swedes, went along the only valley-pass lead-  
ing to Sweden, and were annihilated in the  
deep defile of Gaibransou, by the peasantry.  
At the time when they should have arrived in  
Sweden, a small body of Swedes, encamped  
in Jonsteland, resolved to join their allies, of  
whose movements they had received intelli-  
gence, and escort them over the frontiers,  
crossing by the hill passes, and uniting with  
the Scots on the other side. This band, to  
whose fortunes we attach ourselves, numbered  
but three hundred warriors; but they were  
the flower of Sweden. They resolved to pen-  
etrate the barrier at the most inaccessible  
point, believing that the Norse would collect  
in the Southern country, where they were op-  
posed by a Swedish army, and rest secure in  
the deep snows, which rendered the hills im-  
passable, for the defence of their mountain  
frontier.

So they came, says the legendary story, at  
the foot of the wild pass of the Ruden, a spot  
fated to be dangerous to the Swedes, and  
since strewn with the frozen corpses of the  
hosts of Labarre and Zoega, who perished there.  
Their company filled the few cottages of  
the small hamlet on the Swedish side of  
the barrier, where they arrived in the early  
part of the day. They were eager in their  
inquiries for a guide, being resolved to pass  
the hills ere night, lest tidings should reach  
the Norsemen of their approaching foe; but  
all their search proved fruitless. Many of  
the Swedes of the village had been over these  
mountains, but none were on the spot posses-  
sing that firm confidence derived from certainty  
of knowledge, and from conscious intrepidity,  
which could alone make them sure and willing  
guides in an expedition of so much peril and  
importance.

At last old Sweeney Koping, the keeper of  
the little inn at which was the Swedes' head-  
quarters, shouted with the joy of one who at  
once hit upon the happy solution of a difficul-  
ty. "By the bear!" he exclaimed, "could  
none of you think of the only man in Jonsteland  
fit for the enterprise, and he here on the  
spot all the while! Where is Jaris Lindens?"

A hundred voices echoed the eager question,  
and the leaders were told to their regrets that  
they must wait perforce till the morrow, for  
the only man able or willing to guide them  
(Lindens) had gone forth on a journey, and  
could not return that day.

"Well," said Eric Von Dalin, the chief of  
the Swedish detachment, "there is no help for  
it. Today we must depend upon the kind  
entertainment of our host; but beware, my  
brave men all, beware of deep horns of ale or  
mead. Remember, pointing to the rugged  
peaks of glittering snow, 'remember that all  
who would sleep beyond those to-morrow, will  
need firm hands and true eyes. And, good  
Sweeney, (addressing the inn keeper who was  
the chief person of the hamlet) look well  
that no sound of our coming reach those  
Norse sluggards. There may be some here,  
who for their country's sake, would cross the  
hills this night with warning."

"Thou art right, by Manheim's freedom,"  
cried the host; "here sits Alf Stenvenger, he  
knows these hills better than his own hunting  
pouch, and would think little of carrying the  
news to his countrymen. I am sorry," he  
continued, turning to Alf, "verily I grieve to  
make an old friend a prisoner; but you must  
hide here in safe keeping till our men are well  
forwarded."

"I care not if I stay here to-night and for-  
ever," replied the Norseman. "Ere now  
looked for the first time on the speaker, and  
confessed that he had never beheld a finer  
looking man. In the prime of the beauty of  
the Northern youth, Alf Stenvenger was re-  
markable for a cast of features bearing traces  
of a higher mind than can often be discerned  
in the cheerful, lusty faces of his countrymen.  
'Does the valley marksman speak thus?' said  
the host.

"Ah," answered the youth, "when you are  
thrust forth from the fireside, you can but

seek another roof. If your own hand cast  
you out, you are to cling to the stranger—the  
enemy."

"Has Emilen's father been rough?" inquired  
Sweeney.

"Name him not," replied the young peasant  
angrily. "They have heaped insult and  
insult upon me—let them look for their return.  
Ay, Skifman Harder may one day wish I had  
wed his daughter—my name shall yet be fear-  
fully known throughout Norway. Swede, I  
will myself guide your troop this night over  
the Tydel. Trust me fully, and you shall be  
placed to-morrow beyond those white penks."

"You will have a fearful passage first," said  
an old peasant; "there is no moon now, and  
it will be pitch dark long before you cross the  
Nero."

"The night is to us as the noon-day," cried  
a young soldier; "for your eyes we fear them  
not, were they as high as the blue heavens.—  
Our life has been among rocks, and in our  
land we are called the 'sky leapers.'"

"I will trust the young Norseman," contin-  
ued the chief, "wounded pride and slighted  
love may well make man hate the land that  
has spurned him, were it his own a hundred  
times."

As the day was fast wearing away, but lit-  
tle time was lost in preparation. Each man  
carried with him skates, to be used when,  
after climbing the rough ascent, they would  
along those narrow and difficult paths which  
skirt the face of the cliffs crossing the moun-  
tains. Their guide told them when it grew  
dark, they would be guided by lighted torches,  
to be procured and used as he should after-  
wards direct them.

During their slippery and rugged journey,  
Alf could not help admiring the spirit, cool-  
ness and activity shown by the party in scal-  
ing the dangerous rocks, and they felt insensi-  
bly drawn one to another by that natural, tho'  
unuttered friendship which binds together the  
brave and high souled. Still few words passed  
between them, though many of the  
Swedes spoke well, and Alf knew Swedish  
as thoroughly as his own tongue. On both  
sides were feelings which led them to commune  
with their own thoughts in silence.

After some hours of hard and successful  
climbing, they halted at the close of the day,  
on the snowy summit of a ridge they had just  
ascended, to fasten their skates. They had  
now to traverse the long, on slippery defiles  
so peculiar to Norway, where the pass runs  
upon narrow edges of rock, at an awful height,  
winding abruptly in and out along the rugged  
face of the hills. Here they formed in single  
file, and their guide, taking the lead of the  
column, knifed, by rapid friction, one of the  
pine branches, of which each had, by his or-  
ders, gathered an abundance on their way.—  
He said, in a few brief and energetic words,  
"that here must they tempt the fate of all who  
would conquer Norway, unless they chose to  
return; now were they to win their proud  
name of Sky-Leapers." He bade them to  
move along rapidly, and steadily following  
the light of his torch.

Every man was to bear a blazing pine, kin-  
dled from his, and thus, each pressing on the  
line before him, the track would not be lost  
in the turns and windings.

He placed the coolest and most active in the  
rear, that they might pass lightly and skillful-  
ly over the snow, roughened by the track of  
their leaders, and kept the line of lights, which  
was their only safety, compact and unseparated.

What a change from the toilsome climbing  
which had wearied the most enduring spirit!  
They flew over the narrow, slippery path,  
now lost and then emerging in the sharp turn-  
ing of the cliffs.

The dangers of the Nero, which make  
even the natives shudder at the giddy narrow  
path and awful depths, were half unseen in  
the darkness, and all unfettered by these brave  
men, who darted exultingly through the keen  
bracing night breeze of the hills.

At every step the windings became more  
abrupt, and it seemed to his nearest follower,  
that even the guide looked anxious and afraid,  
when almost close to him at a turning, he saw,  
by the joining light of their torches, the con-  
tinuance of Alf turned back towards the line  
of flying stars, with a troubled and sorrowful  
look. "To encourage him he cried in a bold  
and cheerful tone, 'No fear! no danger! On!  
brave Stenvenger! The Sky Leapers follow the!'"

"On!" shouted back the guide, with a cry  
that echoed through the whole band, and  
quickened their lightning speed.

Their torches flew along in one unbroken  
straight stream of fire, till a wild death-scream  
arose, marking the spot where light after light  
dropped in the dark silence. The depth was  
so terrible that all sound of fall was unheard.  
But that cry reached the sinking line, and their  
hearts died within them; there was no  
stopping their arrow flight—no turning aside  
without leaping into the sheer air.

Alf Stenvenger shuddered at the death-leap  
of these brave men over the edge of the rock.  
His soul had been bound to them in their brief  
journeying together; and had they not come  
as his country's invaders, he would have lov-  
ed them as brothers for their frank courage.  
But Alf was at heart a true son of Norway.  
It is true he had resolved, in the desperation  
of his sorrow, to leave his fatherland forever;  
still, when he saw this band coming to lay  
waste the valleys which he knew to be unde-  
fended, his anger was in a



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## ARRIVAL OF THE NEW STEAMSHIP. EUROPA.

Five Days Later from England and two Days Later from France.

The new steamship Europa, Capt. E. G. Lott, arrived at Boston Thursday 27th, having left Liverpool on the afternoon of the 15th. There has been no change in English matters, trade and the money market remaining about the same. The news altogether is of a quiet character, compared to what we have been receiving.

LIVERPOOL, July 15, 8 P. M. Our Continental advices have come to hand. Hamburg letters, dated June 11, represent business unaltered, and Money worth 1-1/2 to 2 per cent.

Paris is tranquil, and the Government professes to feel no apprehension. The Bank of France returns brings the Treasury in debt \$92,000,000.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, July 15.—The sales to day are estimated at about 7000 bales, and include 6000 American at 81-4 to 53-44. The market closed very firmly.

The Corn market during the week, has been well sustained, but by no means active. Western Canal Flour brings 28s to 28s 6d, in retail, and fresh superfine Canadian 27s to 28s, flour sells at 26s, 6d, to 25s, per 196 lbs.

FRANCE. France remains tranquil under the rule of the 4th ord. The insurgents of public security and the comparative honesty and good faith displayed in the financial projects they have announced, continue to produce a favorable effect at the Bourse, but there are still so many lurking elements of disorder that it is impossible to divest our minds of the greatest apprehension for the future tranquility of the Republic.—The National Assembly is still discussing the bill of the new constitution, which forms the chief occupation of the bureaux. The bureaux have decided that the President's salary shall be maintained at 600,000. The general opinion declared by the voters of the bureaux is that the present Assembly shall be continued for 12 or 15 months so as to vote all the organic laws.

Great number of persons are collecting their property and leaving Paris daily for safety. Open accusations continue to be made in the journals against Lamourie and other members of the late government, for having encouraged the late insurrection, which have been met by an indignant denial from the parties accused.

PARIS, July 18. Accounts from Paris of this date are again of an unsatisfactory character. A report is current to the effect that a serious discussion prevails in the Government. Evidence has been obtained, it is said, which so gravely incriminates certain members of the late Government that it has been judged by some of the present Government to be unavoidably to apply to the assembly for permission to prosecute them. To this another party, in the Government is firmly opposed, not on grounds connected with the merits of the question, but from reasons of expediency. Gen. Cavignac himself is included in the latter party.

It has been resolved as an encouragement to building, to exempt all houses, which shall be commenced before the 1st of January, from taxes for ten years.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

The state of the crops in Great Britain, and indeed all Europe, continues to be greatly favorable.

Accounts from Spain state that the vintage promises better than usual.

The cholera continues to make frightful progress in Russia.

The Madrid Gazette announces the dispersion of several small insurgent bands in Aragon, Valencia, and Catalonia.

The British Lords of the Treasury have prohibited any further export of firearms from the country at present.

The Turkish Government has promulgated a new commercial code, of which the principal provisions are borrowed from the French law.

Accounts from Madrid state that numerous arrests daily took place in that capital and its environs, and a numerous body of secret police had been organized.

Deploable excesses have again taken place at Rotterdam.

The Vienna papers state that on that day Archduke John held a grand review of 35,000 national, civic, and academic guards.

A letter from Alexandria states that no hopes were entertained of the recovery of Mehemet Ali, and that his death was every day expected.

## Later From Mexico.

There were several arrivals at New Orleans on the 15th, from Vera Cruz, bringing many officers and troops. The U. S. Propeller Massachusetts was the latest, having sailed on the 11th inst.

There is but little definite intelligence in relation to the progress of the revolution.—Bustamante and Cortazar had formed a junction, with the intention of attacking the insurgents in Guadalupe. The government was complaining of the remissness of Bustamante in keeping it advised of his operations.

There was a rumor in the city of Vera Cruz on the 11th, that news had reached there that Parades had overthrown the army of the Government and was in full march upon the City of Mexico. The report was discredited.

The following items are from the Picayune: "The custom house at Vera Cruz was turned over to the Mexican authorities on the 11th inst. at noon.

The Titan sailed from Vera Cruz for Yucatan on the 17th inst., with \$18,000, five hundred guns, and 50,000 cartridges, for the protection of that country from the Indians. The money was furnished by the Mexican Government; the arms by a gentleman in Vera Cruz. Among the arrivals yesterday from Mexico were Gen. Kearney and Col. Riley."

## Important From Washington.

THE COMPROMISE BILL ON THE TABLE. The House of Representatives has laid the Compromise Bill on the table, by a vote of 112 to 97. A motion to reconsider was lost. The vote was neither a party or a sectional vote. Nothing will be done this session in relation to the territories.

Gen. Butler and wife arrived in Washington on Wednesday.

## LEGISLATURE OF MAINE.

THURSDAY, July 27.

### IN SENATE.

Mr. Haines, from the Committee on Interior Waters, reported reference to the next Legislature on petition of Benjamin Sibley and al., for an act of incorporation to improve the navigation of Union river and its tributaries, with the exclusive right to navigate the same by steam. On motion of Mr. Dodge, the report was indefinitely postponed.

On motion of Mr. Kimball, the Senate reconsidered its vote passing to be engrossed the bill to incorporate Commercial Bank, and the same was laid on the table.

Mr. Merrill presented the petition of Nathan Reynolds and al., for a bank at Lewiston Falls which was referred.

Mr. Dodge, from the Committee on Fisheries, reported legislation in expedient on the communication of Benjamin Shaw, relative to fisheries in Penobscot county. Accepted.

### IN HOUSE.

The bill to amend the act to incorporate the city of Bath, was taken up. The question before the house was, on adopting the amendments of the Senate. Messrs. Duncan of Bath, Barnes of Portland and Paine of Bangor, opposed, and Messrs. Chadbourne of Edgecomb, Sewall of Oldtown, and Merrow of Bowdoinham, advocated the amendment.

The yeas and nays were ordered, and the amendments were adopted. Yeas 70, nays 42—and the bill was amended passed to be engrossed.

Mr. Hamlin of Bangor, from the committee on state lands and state roads, reported a bill relating to lots, reserved for public uses. The report and bill were ordered to be printed.

Passed to be engrossed—the bill regulating fisheries in Damascotta river, in the county of Lincoln, as amended.

The bill relative to increasing the salary of the Judge of Probate, of Lincoln county, was received from the Senate and laid on the table.

### IN SENATE.

FRIDAY, July 28.

Mr. Thomas, from the committee appointed to visit the State Prison, made a report, accompanied by resolves in relation to the Prison. The report and resolves were ordered to be printed. [The resolves appropriate \$2000 for the construction of a building upon the wing of the Prison, for a Hospital, and solitary cells for labor, and for other purposes.—The resolves also provide for a large cell for Dr. V. P. Coolidge until the cells provided for as above, are constructed.]

Passed to be engrossed—bills, making further provision for the arrest of offenders; additional to incorporate the city of Bangor; to incorporate the South Thomaston Railroad; to change the names of certain persons; resolves, in favor of Ephraim Sheldon; in favor of Wm. T. Sayward; in favor of the town of Belmont; declaratory of amendments to the constitution.

Passed finally—bills, to incorporate the towns of East Thomaston and South Thomaston; to amend an act to incorporate the city of Bath, to incorporate the Belfast and Waterville Railroad Company; to incorporate the Protection Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

### IN HOUSE.

Passed finally—An act to incorporate the Belfast and Waterville Railroad Company; an act to amend the act to incorporate the City of Bath; an act authorizing Samuel Thompson to maintain a dam and slip in Keazer river; an act to incorporate the Protection Mutual Fire Insurance Company; an act to incorporate the towns of East Thomaston and South Thomaston.

GREAT FIRE AT CONSTANTINOPLE. One of those dreadful scourges which have so often scattered desolation broadcast in the Turkish empire, occurred on the 17th of June. A fire broke out in Pera, which raged with great violence until the next morning, destroying property to the amount of a million dollars. Three of the Missionaries of the American Board, (Messrs. Dwight, Schaffner and Holmes) were burnt out, with considerable loss of furniture, &c. The chapel of the mission was in great peril, but it was providentially saved.

A NEW USE FOR GAS PIPE.—In the late insurrection in Paris, Gas Pipes were used by the insurgents for cannon.

ELECTIONS TO COME.—On the first Monday in August, which will be the 7th inst., Kentucky elects her executive and legislative officers; Indiana, a Legislature; Illinois, a Governor, Congressmen and Legislature; Iowa Congressmen and Legislature; and Missouri, Governor, Congressmen and Legislature.

United States Senators for six years from the 4th of March next, depend on the political complexion of the Legislatures to be chosen as above.

A BAD SPOT TO SETTLE IN. An officer in Col. Stephenson's New York Regiment, writing from California, gives the following graphic description of the country.

"You know not, neither can you imagine, how awfully deceived the American people are in regard to California. It is a poor, miserable, dry, barren, sickly, God-forsaken country, made up like the California Regiment of the last end of a Saturday afternoon—the odds and ends of all the fragments of the rest part of the world thrown together en masse to finish up.

"Oh I met such a beautiful girl on the street to-day," said a gentleman to a lady friend to whom he was doing the agreeable not many evenings since. "She was dressed in deep mourning, I think I have never seen a sweeter face." "Who could it have been?" said his listener, smoothing down her bombazine dress, and glancing at the crape folds to see if they were properly adjusted. "Pretty, you say—'who could it have been?' I was not cut!"

Mr. John Peters, of Bluehill, Me., aged 27, was drowned recently in attempting to rescue some ladies from a boat which overset. The ladies reached the shore in safety.

## BY MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

New York, Friday, July 28, 9 o'clock, P. M.

Advices from Mexico state that Bustamante and Parades had a battle, in which the former was defeated with a loss of five hundred. Parades lost twenty-seven killed and sixty wounded—Jarama among them. It was expected the revolution would be successful.

The editor of the New York Tribune well says:—

"O it is sad it is sickening to remark how few farmers' sons really love the vocation of their fathers' delight in following and glory in the hope of improving and adorning it!—Seeing little of farming life but its drudgery and its uninterestingness, nearly every one who has a soul above breaking colts and skinning woodchucks is off to the village or the city at the very first chance—they all jump at a chance to measure tape at five dollars per month, and lodge three-deep in a seven-by-nine garret, or to crucify Blackstone afresh in any low pittinger's den in any corner of the wide world. How many of them do you suppose are now applying, waiting, longing, coaxing, soliciting for some chance—they hardly care what—to break away from the dull, idealless, monotonous drudgery of the paternal home, in the assured conviction that a farmer's life and through mental cultivation are incompatible! This is the vital error we must demolish, by disseminating the truth that in no vocation is scientific knowledge and mental elevation more desirable or more useful than in that of the farmer."

### Lost, Strayed or Stolen.

In our walk yesterday we fell in company with two Mexican boys, accompanied by one of the returned volunteers.—We felt a concern for the unfortunate lads so far removed from their native land, and desired to converse with them, but they could speak very little English. We asked the volunteer who accompanied them how he came by them and who had them in care; he said one of them was his, and the other belonged to one of the officers. He said that hundreds of small boys were to be found roving about the country, in Mexico, apparently without parents, and that any number could be had for the trouble of bringing them away. The poor little fellows appeared in fine spirits, and seemed proud that they had a protector. [Pittsburg Gaz.]

"How's SAUSAGES?"—Such was the inquiry made by a by-stander, says the N. Y. Day Book, when the clerk in the office of Chief of Police stated that \$500 had been paid for dead dogs since the 14th inst.—making 1000 dogs killed in 14 days, an average of 72 per day.

The Millerites will hold a camp meeting on the banks of the Merrimack, near the place known as the "Devil's Den," the first week in August, to continue three days. A proper place we opine.

St. Croix. The news from St. Croix is confirmed. A provisional government of 8 planters exists.

### NOTICE.

The members of Engine Company No. 1, are notified that their annual meeting for choice of officers, and further transaction of such other business as may come before said meeting, will be held in their Engine House on Monday 7th inst., at 5 1-2 P. M. A full attendance is requested. Per Order. August 2d.

### NOTICE.

THE SECOND TERM OF MISS STARR'S SCHOOL, will commence on Monday, August 14th. Those wishing to attend will please leave their names within two weeks. 2w25

### NOTICE.

REV. H. R. NYE, of Bangor, will preach at the Universalist Meeting House next Sabbath, August 6th.

THE MOST WONDERFUL CURATIVE OF Pulmonary Consumption, in the whole range of Pharmacy, is the Hungarian Balsam of Life, discovered by Dr. Buchan of London, Eng., and universally known as the Great English Remedy. This is not a mere Quack or Palliative, but a perfect and admirable remedy, not intended to flatter and deceive the patient, but to CURE, even in some of the most hopeless of cases.

DAVID F. BRADLEY & SONS, sole Agents for the United States, 130 Washington Street, Boston. Agents: East Thomaston, C. A. Macomber; W. Thomaston, T. Fogg. 26 4w.

### MARRIAGES.

One thought, one feeling stirred within our souls, One hope, one wish filled with our throbbing hearts.

In Boston, Mr. Cha's F. Hodgdon, of Boston, to Miss Sarah T. Lyman, of Eden, Me.

In Hallowell, by Rev. H. Allen, Mr. Daniel Haines, of Parkman, to Miss Nancy Elliott, of Augusta.

In Bath, Alonzo S. Holmes to Mrs. H. W. Barstow.

### DEATHS.

Oh, woe! dead woe to earthly love's fond trust, When all at once has worshipped lies in dust!

In Cape Elizabeth, 13th ult. Mr. Samuel Crook, a soldier of the Revolution, aged 87.

In Hallowell 25th, Mrs. Rebecca D. Lord, aged 79.

In Bluehill 23d, Dr. Nathan Tenney, aged 79.

In China, Rev. James Thwing, aged about 53.

### GAZETTE MARINE LIST.

Port of East Thomaston.

Arrived. 27th ult. Brig Amulet, Spofford, Boston. Patrick Henry, Packard, N. York.

28th, sch Lepreux, Sleeper, do. Henry Walsh, Boston.

29th, sch. Leland, Sleeper, do. Hurd, Brown, N. York.

30th, sch. Leland, Sleeper, do. Trumpet, Simonton, Providence.

1st inst. Lucy White, Hall, Boston.

Sailed. 28th ult. Brig Gulate, Ellms, New Orleans. Mattine, Thorndike, do.

29th, sch. Mary Langdon, Ames, N. Y.

30th, sch. Corvo, Crockett, Richmond. Cordeha, Smith, Wilmington.

31st, sch. Geo. Gilman, Lovejoy, Kingston. Franklin, Pierce, N. Y.

1st inst. Tasso, Fuller, Boston.

2d inst. Packet sch Little Jack, Pense, Vinalhaven.

Cleared. 2d inst. Brig Florence, Fales, St. Martins.

Disaster—Sch Meguntinook, of Camden, was wrecked on Sunday at Laguna, and was sold July 5.

Alexandria—Cld. 28th brig Puritan, Sartelle.

New York—At 20th, brig Moxey, Bird, Calais; 30th, brig John Kendall, Stover, Laguna.

## TO SHIP OWNERS. DRY DOCK, EAST BOSTON.

THE subscribers have leased Mr. Sam'l Hall's New Dry Dock East Boston, will be prepared on and after the 30th of August to receive vessels into dock, cheaper than any other Dock or Railway in the city. All applications to be made to Nathaniel Winsor Jr., 109 State street Boston, or to the subscribers on the premises, immediately below Mr. Hall's Ship Yard, Liverpool st., East Boston.

The subscribers will also be ready to put any repairs upon vessels of all classes at shortest notice, cheap. Ship Owners will find it for their interest to give us a call.

A. & G. T. SAMPSON. AUGUST 1, 1848. Geo. T. Sampson. East Boston, July 26, 1848. 6mo4

### Administrators Sale.

PURSUANT to a Licence of Probate Court, I shall sell at Public Auction, on Friday, the 15th day of Sept. next, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Court House, in East Thomaston, so much of the Estate of John Burgess, late of a place called Matineau Island, in the County of Lincoln, as shall produce the sum of Seven Hundred Dollars, for the payment of his debts, charges of Administration, and incidental charges. Said Real Estate all lies on said Matineau Island, and is bounded as follows: Beginning at a stake and stones on the shore, thence running North 75° E. 137 rods, to the corner of a stone wall, thence N 11° W. 109 1-2 rods to stake and stones bounding land of John Young; thence N 81° W by land of Isaac T. Mann & Jacob Smith 87 rods to a gulch, (so called,) thence South-easterly, as the shore runs, to the first mentioned bound, containing forty six and two-thirds acres—more or less—together with the 10th part of the Harbor privilege, with fish-house and shed joined to it and one-quarter of Nonesuch Land, (so called,)—with the reversion of the widow's dower in the premises—that is, I shall sell all the right, title and interest said John Burgess had in the premises, as aforesaid, at the time of his decease.

Terms of Sale—Cash, on the delivery of the Deed. JOSEPH H. BUCKETT, Adm'r. East Thomaston, Aug 1 1848. 28

LINCOLN, ss. At a Court of Probate held at Thomaston, and for the county of Lincoln, May 11th 1848.—

REBECCA ALLEN, who is named executrix in a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of GEORGE ALLEN, late of St. George, in said County, deceased, having presented the same for Probate, On which the said Rebecca Allen gave notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be posted up in some public place in the town of St. George, and by publishing the same in the Lincoln Gazette, printed at Thomaston, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Thomaston in said County, on the 18th day of November next, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of said deceased.

NATH'L GROTON, Judge. ARNOLD BLANCY, Register. Aug. 2d, 1848. 28 3w

### PORTLAND DYE HOUSE.

JOHN S. MILLER, Silk, Cotton, Woolen and Linen Dyer.

IN offering his services to the citizens of East Thomaston and vicinity, it will be enough to say, that he has had experience for nearly forty years, as a DYER, and will finish all goods committed to his care, in the best manner possible.

Ladies' Dresses, Cloaks, &c. Colored to order.

SILKS Colored and Watered in the best manner. STRAW AND LEGHORN BONNETS Colored and Pressed.

GENTS' GARMENTS, Cleaned and colored whole, with the original style, and cleaned free from smut.

Carpets, Rugs, Blankets and Quilts, cleaned in Good Style.

Prices as low as at any other Dye-house, and satisfaction given or no charge.

M. C. & O. S. ANDREWS, Agents. E. Thomaston, July 27, 1848. 27w

### NEW FALL GOODS.

In any quantity must soon fall my Store.

IN order to make room for them, the present Large Stock of Spring and Summer Goods will be closed off at

CUSTOMERS OWN PRICES! NOT THE PROFIT, but to

DISPOSE OF THE GOODS, as now the object.

This is the time for the Greatest Bargains Thomaston ever afforded.

July 27.] O. B. FALES.

### NEW LINE.

SCH. LITTLE JACK, CAPT. SEBA PEASE.

WILL be run as a PACKET between South Vinalhaven and Thomaston the present season, two times a week, each way. She will leave East Thomaston on Monday and Thursday, (Kent's Wharf) on Thursday of each week, until further notice.

For freight or passage apply to F. COBB, head of Kimball's Wharf, or the Master, on board. FARE,—25 cts. Freight, low.

JUST RECEIVED, and for sale by SAM'L PILLSBURY.

150 BLS Extra Family Sup. FLOUR, 150 Common do do, 50 half bbls sup. Genesee do, 1000 bush Yellow Corn, a sup article, 500 superior New York Cheese.

12 bbls City Moss Beef, 27 25 do. Clean Pork. 27

Notice. THE "Thomaston Meadow Lime-Rock Co." are hereby notified that their first meeting for the purpose of organization, and such other business as may legally come before said meeting, will be held at the office of Edwin S. Hovey in E. Thomaston, on Saturday, 5th of August next, at 4 o'clock P. M. All persons interested in the subject of a Railroad from the quarries to this village, are requested to be present.

RICH'D ROBINSON. July 15, 1848. 27

### J. B. CUTTS, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, EAST THOMASTON, Me.

DR. CUTTS having been engaged in practice for six years past, hopes to merit a share of the public patronage. Diseases of the throat and lungs specially attended to. Rooms at Berry's Hotel.

27w.

### Farm for sale.

THE well known P. WOODCOCK FARM, situated in Thomaston, near Oyster River, about one mile West of the Prison, will be sold at a bargain should a purchaser call soon. This farm contains about 40 acres of good mowing, tillage, pasture and wood land. It is well watered and cuts 25 tons of hay yearly. The buildings are a dwelling-house, two barns, and a cooper's shop.

I will sell the above mentioned property for \$1,500; one half cash—balance on time, secured by lien on property.

For additional particulars, apply to J. D. BARNARD, at the Thomaston Bank, or the subscriber on the premises. PATRICK WOODCOCK. July 7, 1848. 1w 35

A Splendid assortment of BRITANNIA WARE, at STAIR & BLOOD'S.

## THE MOST EXTENSIVE RETAIL CARPET STORE.

HENRY PETTES & Co., CORNER WASHINGTON AND SUMNER STREETS. IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF CARPETS.

INVITE THE PARTICULAR ATTENTION of the public to the following varieties of Carpets, which are either imported direct from Europe, or manufactured at their extensive establishment in Roxbury.

150 pieces SUPERFINE INGRAIN CARPET, made at Roxbury, from fine selected Wool, and in the most permanent and durable colors.

300 pieces Roxbury Medium INGRAIN CARPETS, in very new and beautiful patterns, suited to all purposes.

100 pieces FINE INGRAIN CARPETS, in good styles, and at a low price.

20 pieces Extra and Medium quality IMPERIAL THREE PLY CARPETS, manufactured at Roxbury, in the best manner.

100 pieces STAIR CARPETS, Plain, Double Twill, and Danish Veering, of all widths and qualities, made at Roxbury, in the latest styles.

Patent Tapestry Brussels. 100 pieces of these beautiful Goods, which are also manufactured at Roxbury, are received from the Factory every month. These will be shown, and purchasers may judge of their comparative merits. The price of these Carpets will be much lower than the English.

English Brussels Carpets. ENGLISH TAPESTRY CARPETS, VELVET PILLOWS, CARPETS, ROYAL WILTONS AND ALEXANDERS, LONDON INGRAIN CARPETS, ENGLISH STAIR CARPETS, EXTRA WIDE DRUGGETS, &c. &c. just imported, and for sale at low prices.

We have great advantages in the pursuit of our business. We can offer to our customers every description of CARPETING, of our OWN MANUFACTURE, from the most durable and plain description, suited to the attic or parlour, to the most beautiful Velvet Pile Tapestry. We have also a very great variety of styles and patterns, and are determined to sell our Carpets at prices so low that they cannot but be satisfactory.

This is the only Warehouse in the city where Carpets can be purchased at retail, directly from the manufacturers.

Purchasers who wish to gratify their curiosity can receive tickets of admission to our factories at Roxbury.

Special attention given to furnishing Carpets for Churches and Public Halls, Hotels, Masonic and Odd Fellows' Lodges, &c.

"Now's the Day and Now's the Hour."

B. W. LOTHROP & CO., At the "Long Room," Spofford Block.

GIVE notice to their customers, and the public generally, that they are offering their large and beautiful stock of

### DRY GOODS

at the LOWEST POSSIBLE RATES, as they are determined to sell out the remainder of their spring and summer goods, to afford room for heavy goods in September, for the fall trade.

</



## MISCELLANY.

### KISSING THE BRIDE.

The following letter is from a bride to the Editor of an old Massachusetts paper. Sir—I herewith send a bit of wedding cake, I am in a very bad humor, I assure you; which you know ought not to be the very day one is married. It is not at my husband, though dear good man he is. Oh! I was vexed beyond endurance last evening. That vile practice! Would you believe? An hundred and fifty kisses of all sorts and sizes, fair and foul from old and young, from male and female! Fought! could any bride endure all that and preserve her temper! Such cargoes of small such showers of tobacco smoke! No poor man covered with vermin was ever more drenched. If this fashion of the whole company kissing the bride must be followed, in the name of all that's decent, let old grand daddies burn out their pipes before they offer to poke their under your nose. And those whose throats are at best so many sepulchres, I would advise, before they go to a wedding to fill their pockets with cloves, cinnamon, or coriander seed, and commence chewing at least one hour before the marriage ceremony begins.

Only think of a poor creature standing up an hour and a half after the blessed knot was tied, only to be nuzzled andlobbered over by all the masculine gender of the neighborhood! Only think of a delicate, modest female, standing like a target, the object of all the lipshots of a large corps of militia and then I thought I should have dropped down with fatigue. I verily believe I used an ounce of hartshorn to keep me from fainting. But vexed as I was Mr. Editor, I could not to gain the whole world, help from laughing sometimes at the queer spectacle we all made. And you would have laughed too, if you had been there. Only imagine, if you please the chief person of the group, me, Dorothy Dafford, at the right hand of my dear spouse; and a crowd of men, like a swarm of flies round a cup of molasses, all pressing forward, making up their lips ready for a smack; and the one after another, poking their snouts into my very face, and not wiping my face every whipsnatch to appear a little decent. But the most ludicrous part of the exhibition on which to see a faithful fellow go through the manoeuvres. Like a silver trout venturing up to the bait—advancing a little and then darting back among the reeds—you might behold the poor man with heart beating audibly coming forward with a cautious step, stooping sometimes through fear, or slipping behind the friendly corporation of some broad-backed fellow a little ahead. Having advanced within a yard or so, you might see him as if afraid his courage might fail by day, dart forward from behind his shelter, snatch a kiss and—aid in the twinkling of an eye. But alas! ludicrous as it may appear, my poor clerk had to suffer in consequence of it, and even now bears the mark inflicted on it by Simon Staggles tooth.

Some of the old fellows must needs busy me they said on both sides of my face and some of them said my cheeks were as red as roses in October, and others that it was as fragrant as a load of new mowed hay. Some of the old fellows, with one foot in the grave, and the other on the bench—said they kissed my grandmother and my mother, and now I suppose they think they have capped the climax of parental exploits by nuzzling over me as though I was a mere baby.

I pitied my poor husband, poor man, to be obliged to stand and look on as a fool, and see his new married with gaudied over—I believe in my soul he would have knuckled down half a dozen of my persecutors, had he been left to the guidance of his own undisturbed feeling, instead of being restrained by the rules of etiquette. But Mr. Editor after all my sufferings and vexations, here I am alive, and I pray heaven I never may be married again, till the custom of kissing the bride by a whole sale is done away.

**CULTIVATION OF THE MIND.**  
CULTURE the power to fix the mind on any subject you please.

Fix in the mind the elementary principles of all that pertains to history, such as the principles of science, of business, of government, laws and religion.

Obtain the power of using language, and defining what you mean by such terms as are in common use when we speak of truth.

Fill the mind with the materials of thought; such as the facts which we read, observe and hear.

Teach the mind where to go for information; that is from what source to draw.

Teach the mind how to take up a subject, investigate it, and draw conclusions on which you may rely.

Cultivate the judgment as to what facts are worth preserving, and what are applicable in proving or illustrating a particular subject.

Cultivate the memory, so that the materials which you gather may not be dissipated and lost, as fast as gathered.

You will think, perhaps, that I have laid out the work of a life here, and so I have intended to do, but if you will read these objects over again, I believe you will say that no one of them can be omitted in cultivating the mind in a proper manner. You will not of course have all these objects specially before the mind whenever you exercise it, but they and to be the points to which you are to bring the mind in all its wanderings, and in a cultivated mind these several points will unconsciously receive attention.

## Marine and Fire Insurance!

The Protection Insurance Company of NEW JERSEY.  
Chartered Feb'y 18th, with a Capital of \$200,000.  
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Frederick's Machine Hotel

In the same building with the Post Office,

STATE STREET, BOSTON.

THIS is the most convenient hotel in Boston,

for the man of business to stop at. It is

the only one in the city where the business

man can find a quiet room, and a comfortable

and convenient place to stop at. The proprietor

has his charge at the very lowest rates, and for

ONE DOLLAR PER DAY

will furnish a comfortable room, with all the

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Dilworth's Celebrated Heave Cure & Universal Condition Medicine.

Which has been used, with such astonishing success in France and England for the last twenty years—is now, and has been for the last three years, performing the most wonderful cures ever on record in this country. It is universally admitted to be a sure specific in the following diseases:—By Cattle, Bots, Chills, Dropsy of the Stomach and Glands, Hoarse Cough, Chronic and Catarrhal Coughs, Affections of the Bronchial Tubes and Glands, Horse Distemper, Founder of the Chest and Lungs, Surfeit, Dropsy of the Chest and Skin, Hubs, Bots, Bots and Worms. And in all cases where inflammation exists, also where a general Condition Medicine is needed. By Cattle, Bots, Chills, Dropsy of the Stomach and Glands, Hoarse Cough, Chronic and Catarrhal Coughs, Affections of the Bronchial Tubes and Glands, Horse Distemper, Founder of the Chest and Lungs, Surfeit, Dropsy of the Chest and Skin, Hubs, Bots, Bots and Worms. 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